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AIRS and CHORUSSES

In the ENTERTAINMENT of

The SYLPHS,

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

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AIRS AND HORVUSSES

OF THE LITERATURE OF

The S M L P H S



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN



## AIRS, CHORUSSES, &c.

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SCENE, *a View of the Bay of Naples.*

FIRST SYLPH.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

**N**OW, by the King of Sylphs' Command,  
In *Naples Bay* I take my Stand :  
Sylphs, quit a while the Fields of Air,  
And here, at his Behest, repair.

AIR.

Ye on fleecy Clouds who ride,  
Or the Gossamour bestride,  
Who wanton in the Sunshine gay,  
Or in watery Moon-beams play,  
Sylphs and Sylphids, come away.

B

D U E T



DUET and CHORUS.

FIRST SYLPH.

Hither come away !

SECOND SYLPH.

Sylphs, Sylphs, come away !  
Zephyr calls, and we obey,  
Freely, freely take our Way,  
And our Duty turn to Play.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST SYLPH.

Children of Air, another Shore,  
Your Monarch bids you to explore.  
Blithe *Harlequin* he makes his Care,  
And destines him a British Fair.  
Come then, my fellow Sylphs, attend,  
His motley Fortunes to befriend.

AIR



**AIR and CHORUS.**

Around, around, around,  
Our Monarch's Charge surround !  
Thunder crashing,  
Lightnings flashing,  
Earth, Air, and Sea, and Fire,  
Each Element conspire,  
To crown his Love, and grant his Soul's Desire.

**RECITATIVE accompanied.**

**FIRST SYLPH.**

Obedient to our Monarch's Will,  
See, faithful Sylphs attend thee still,  
In happy Hour arriv'd, to prove  
The Sweets of Liberty and Love !

**A I R.**

A I R.

Frolic Child of Earth and Air,  
Whom our Monarch makes his Care,  
Welcome to fair *Albion's* Strand :  
Joys expect thee,  
Sylphs direct thee,  
Welcome to this happy Land.

A I R.

I.

Attend, and mark,  
The gallant Spark  
Who cheats in Love and Trade,  
The Mistrefs courts,  
Yet nightly sports,  
And wantons with the Maid.

II.

O Shame, to see  
Such Treachery  
Lodg'd in a sober Cit !  
Shall he invade  
The Courtier's Trade  
Of Gallantry and Wit ?

III. In-

III.

Inspir'd by me,  
 She dreams of thee,  
 In Raptures wakes, and sings---  
 " No Power on Earth  
 " Shall harm the Birth  
 " That Fancy's Midwife brings.

IV.

When we of Air  
 Protect the Fair,  
 Their Minds are chaste and pure ;  
 Be you like them,  
 Esteem the Gem  
 That Virtue will secure.

A I R.



A I R.

*Sung by Colombine, at the Harpsichord.*

I.

Come, Fancy, help me paint the Scene  
That gave my Rapture Birth !  
I dream'd of Sylphs, of *Harlequin*,  
Activity, and Mirth.

II.

The sweet Delusion swiftly flew ;  
I fear 'twas all a Dream !  
And yet I thought I saw and knew  
All Happiness with him.

III.

Come, Fancy, realize the Scene ;  
Ye Sylphs, around me skim :  
Bring your fav'rite *Harlequin*,  
Bring Happiness and him.

S O N G.

## SONG.

I.

Come, my Lads, we have pull'd amain,  
 And made our Stretchers bend ;  
 At every Stroke  
 We made her smoke,  
 And shake from End to End.

Tol de rol.

II.

Our Whistles now, my Hearts, we'll whet  
 With Peck and Booze good Store ;  
 We'll eat and drink,  
 And never think,  
 But how to work for more.

Tol de rol.

III. The

III.

The noble Lords we have landed,  
Have tipp'd us Store of Gold :  
We'll wish 'em Wealth,  
And drink their Health,  
Whilst Glasses we can hold.

Tol de rol.

IV.

May they, like us, with chearful Hearts,  
Their royal Master sarve,  
And spend their Cole  
With liberal Soul  
Nor let a poor Man starve.

Tol de rol.

V.

But see our Wives and Sweet-hearts come,  
Dress'd out in fundy Geer,  
Their Lips we'll smack,  
Our Jokes we'll crack,  
And Mirth shall crown good Cheer.

Tol de rol.

First



FIRST SYLPH.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Defist !---All Efforts fruitless are !---

For---Fate this Pair has join'd

'Tis *ours* to guard and guide the Fair,

'Tis *yours* to bless---be kind---

You shall, ere long, a Grandfire be,

The Fruits of stol'n Embrace,

Yourself as in a Mirror see,

And ev'ry Feature trace.---

A I R.

When Hearts are sold like India Stock,

And Parents barter Love,

Virgins, unequal to the Shock,

Implore for Aid above :---

Spirits of Air,

Redress the Fair,

And all is Harmony and Love.

REC-

## RECITATIVE.

But hark !---the Flutes melodious Strain,  
Announce the Monarch and his Train !---

## CHORUS.

## SYLPH.

Welcome, happy, happy Pair,  
Jocund Youth, and sweetest Fair ;  
Welcome to the Fields of Air !  
Sing and dance, and sport, and play,  
All our Year is Holiday.

Come, each nimble, busy Spright,  
Airy Sylphs, and Sylphids light,  
Crown their Nuptials with Delight.  
Sing and dance, and sport, and play,  
All our Year is Holiday.

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F I N I S.

